

IN WANT OF A NAME.

An Embarrassing Situation for Mr. and Mrs. Jack.

"Well, that's done!" and Mrs. Jack patted the crisp pillow-shams and gazed complacently around the pretty room—a guest-room that had never yet held a guest—fresh, new and dainty. The breeze stirred the frilled curtains, the late afternoon sun shone on the creamy walls, and the soft light filtered through the young leaves of the chestnut, and faintly tinted with green the lovely "Abend" over the bed.

No wonder Mrs. Jack looked satisfied. No detail for comfort or beauty had been forgotten. She and Jack had been married only a few months; this was the finishing touch to their cozy nest, and any young housewife might have been proud of the result.

Just then Jack rushed in, bearing a letter. He stopped on the threshold.

"Whew! what a magnificent! Might a poor worm venture in?"

"Nonsense, Jack! It isn't magnificent at all—only pretty and restful. Come in, bad boy, and tell me what is in that letter."

"You know Cousin Elizabeth?" asked Jack, as he settled himself in a big easy chair and pulled his little wife down beside him.

"Yes, indeed, dear. You remember I saw her the summer we were engaged, and I liked her so much! Such a sweet face and gentle ways! But she seems too old to be your cousin—more like an aunt."

"Father was the youngest of an immense family, and Cousin Elizabeth's mother was the eldest, so there were many years between them; indeed, father and his niece are nearly of an age. You knew she was married?"

"Yes, an old love story, wasn't it—a real romance?"

"Well, Fannie, what do you say to your new room being christened by this ancient bridal couple on their antique honeymoon?"

"Oh, this isn't their honeymoon! They were married long before we were, and that was ages ago. Besides, they aren't so old, and I am very glad to have some of your people for our first guests. You've been such a perfect dear about this room. What does the letter say?"

"Dear Boy and His Dear Wife: I have so longed to see you in your new happiness, and now comes an opportunity. The colonel has come to Boston on business, and I am with him. Would it be convenient for you to have for a few days? Do not hesitate to say so if it would not. If you really do want us, couldn't Jack meet the colonel at Young's after his business hours Wednesday, and take him out to your home? I have an engagement that will keep me until evening, but I can find my way to you easily. With dear love to both."

"P.S. I do want you to see my colonel, C.E."

"Wednesday—that's day after tomorrow," said Mrs. Jack. "I shall be so happy to have them! I'll write at once. But she gave no address! Never mind, you can assure the colonel when you meet him how pleased we are. There's the dinner bell."

That night, as Nan was taking hairpins out of her bonny brown locks, she casually remarked to Jack:

"What did you say the colonel's name was? I don't remember it."

Jack looked puzzled. "Why, didn't I tell you? Colonel—colonel—Jingol! I've clean forgotten that name for the moment. No matter. It will come to me in the morning."

But in the morning it was just as far away from his memory as ever.

"Nan," he said in consternation, "how shall I ever find the colonel at Young's hotel? It will never do for me to go around inquiring for 'the colonel who married Cousin Elizabeth!'"

"Jack," cried Nan, "what a fix we are in! What ever can we do? Can't you think of the name? Bend your mind to it."

Jack bent his mind to it, meantime pacing the floor.

"It seems to me as if it were something like 'Walker,' but it isn't that."

"Perhaps it's 'Trott,'" suggested Nan, "or 'Trotter.'"

"No; it's an odder name than that, but what it is I cannot make out."

"Jack, this is awful! We never can let them know we don't remember their name, after that lovely clock they sent us when we were married! My note of thanks went to Cousin Elizabeth, through her mother. I know if I had ever written the name I should remember it. Oh, dear!"

Nan looked so disconsolate that Jack had to stop his deeply perplexed thinking for awhile to cheer her.

"O Jack!" she almost sobbed. "You can't find the colonel, and they'll think we didn't want them, and how can we ever explain?"

"Gracious, Nan! It's simply awful! Cousin Elizabeth is such a dear, forgetful soul, she'll never remember she didn't send us any address; but she is very sensitive, and if she gets it into her head that we didn't care about her coming, it will break her heart. Hal! I have it!" and Jack snapped his fingers and executed a jig on the hearth rug.

"What, oh, what?" cried Nan.

"Well, I'll go over to the station and telegraph to Sue for Cousin Elizabeth's married name."

Jack pulled on his mackintosh and plunged into the storm. Half an hour later he returned with a very dismal countenance.

"The wires are down between here and Boston," he announced. "The gale is fearful."

They spent a dismal evening, Jack walking the floor most of the time.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "the situation is worthy of Howells."

Then the absurdity of their predicament was borne upon him and he roared with laughter. Nan could not see the fun. It was pure tragedy to her hospitable soul. The next morning matters brightened. While they were sitting at breakfast, in the sunshine that had succeeded the storm, the postman brought a letter from Cousin Elizabeth. It contained but a few lines:

"Our plans are changed, dear two, and instead of meeting Jack, the colonel will wait

and come out with me on the eight o'clock train. With love, COUSIN ELIZABETH."

"What luck!" shouted Jack.

"But," said Nan, dolefully, "we've got to call them something. I don't see that matters are mended much."

"Oh! their name will be on their baggage, and Cousin Elizabeth will have to introduce her colonel. That's all right! Now I must be off!" With a kiss Jack was gone.

The day passed pleasantly in preparation, and when, in the evening, the guests arrived, Cousin Elizabeth thought she never saw a prettier home or a more winsome mistress.

Nan, on her part, was proud of her husband when he heartily greeted Cousin Elizabeth's portly husband with: "I am glad to see you, colonel," not betraying, by any hesitation, the dreadful blank that existed in his mind after that military title. For the baggage had revealed no name!

The lady, with sweet graciousness, had said: "You must call me 'Cousin Elizabeth,' dear; and the husband had been introduced simply as "The Colonel."

"Never mind," said Jack. "We'll find out somehow. It's immense, though, having visitors and not knowing their name. But I've thought of a way."

"So have I," said Nan. "We'll see who will find it first."

Soothed by the certainty, she set to work to enjoy her guests; not a hard task, for she already loved Cousin Elizabeth, and no one could help liking the colonel, with his simple, hearty ways and utter devotion to his wife.

The next morning, when Nan saw the postman coming down the street, she remembered that Cousin Elizabeth had said she was expecting a letter to be forwarded, and so she rushed to meet him, eager to read the address. Just as she reached the door she was met by Cousin Elizabeth, who held up a letter.

"Only one, dear, and that for me," and away went the envelope into the little morning fire blazing on the hearth, before Nan had a glimpse of the superscription. Jack grinned.

"Foiled again," he whispered in her ear as he gave his good-by kiss.

Off went Jack into the city, and from there he sent the following telegram to his sister:

"Wire at once Cousin Elizabeth's married name. At once, JACK."

After Nan had given her day's orders, arranged her flowers and settled Cousin Elizabeth on the lounge with a new book she dressed for the street.

"I've a little shopping I must do, Cousin Elizabeth. I know you will excuse me for awhile."

"Dear child!" murmured Cousin Elizabeth, as she watched the slender, graceful figure down the street.

A little later Nan came back, radiant, clasping a square package. She hurried up to her room, undid a pretty black book bound in soft white kid, tied it up with long yellow ribbons and laid it on the little desk in the guest room. Then she went back to her company.

"Dear colonel and Cousin Elizabeth," she said, "we are so happy to have you as our first guests. I know something was lacking in your room and it just occurred to me it was a guest book. So I went out and got one, and now I want you to write your names on the very first page."

"Bless you, dear!" said Cousin Elizabeth; "what a privilege to be the first of what I hope will be a long and happy list!"

In the middle of the afternoon Jack received an answer to his telegram:

"Do not remember name. He was a colonel. Father and mother in Burlington. They would know. SUE."

After lunch while the guests were dozing in the library, Nan stole into the guest-room. There on the fair first page of the new book, were the words: "Cousin Elizabeth, and beneath, in bolder writing: "The Colonel."

"It's the funniest thing I ever heard of," said Jack, after they had confided their disappointments to each other, as they were dressing for dinner.

"Funny!" exclaimed Nan. "It's fearful! It seems as if everything was in conspiracy against us. What would they say if they knew we did not even know their name?"

That evening a neighbor called. Jack muttered over the introductions as incoherently as he could, and the whole group drew up their chairs in a cozy circle. During a lull in the conversation the caller turned to Nan, and said in distinctly audible tones:

"I beg your pardon, but I did not catch the names of your guests."

Nan turned pale—the room reeled. Crash! over went a little table that was standing by Jack's elbow.

"O Jack!" she almost sobbed. "You can't find the colonel, and they'll think we didn't want them, and how can we ever explain?"

"Gracious, Nan! It's simply awful! Cousin Elizabeth is such a dear, forgetful soul, she'll never remember she didn't send us any address; but she is very sensitive, and if she gets it into her head that we didn't care about her coming, it will break her heart. Hal! I have it!" and Jack snapped his fingers and executed a jig on the hearth rug.

"What, oh, what?" cried Nan.

"Well, I'll go over to the station and telegraph to Sue for Cousin Elizabeth's married name."

Jack pulled on his mackintosh and plunged into the storm. Half an hour later he returned with a very dismal countenance.

"The wires are down between here and Boston," he announced. "The gale is fearful."

They spent a dismal evening, Jack walking the floor most of the time.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "the situation is worthy of Howells."

Then the absurdity of their predicament was borne upon him and he roared with laughter. Nan could not see the fun. It was pure tragedy to her hospitable soul. The next morning matters brightened. While they were sitting at breakfast, in the sunshine that had succeeded the storm, the postman brought a letter from Cousin Elizabeth. It contained but a few lines:

"Our plans are changed, dear two, and instead of meeting Jack, the colonel will wait



ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

Don't whip me much all at once, mar, for I only took the cake a little at a time.

The Dear Creatures.

Maud—Your fiancé called on me last night.

Mabel—Indeed?

Maud—Yes. Guess what he said to me!

Mabel—I haven't the least notion.

Maud—He said: "I wish that I dared to kiss you."

Mabel (confidently)—But he didn't do it.

Maud—How do you know?

Mabel (sweetly)—There are limits even to heroism.—Brooklyn Life.

Cause for Suspicion.

Uppers—Can you tell counterfeit money when you see it?

Harder—Yes.

Uppers—Just look at this bill.

Harder—Do you think there is anything wrong with it?

Uppers—I don't know; I just borrowed it from Screwboe, and he let me have it the first time I asked him.—Life.

Easily Remedied.

Bank Clerk—This check, madame, is not filled in.

Madame—Isn't what?

Bank Clerk—It is signed by your husband all right, but doesn't state how much money you want.

Madame—O, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.—Pearson's.

Not Patented.

Mrs. Slimdick—The boarders are all at the table. Where's the milk?

Cook—Here, mum; but it due look awful blue.

Mrs. Slimdick—Then hurry into the dining-room and pull down the yellow sunshades.—N. Y. Weekly.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Equal to All Occasions.

Goodfellow—Wasn't that Nicefello who just asked for you?

Sweet Girl—Yes; I told the maid to tell him I was not at home.

"Suppose he finds out that you are?"

"I'll tell him I thought it was you."—N. Y. Weekly.

No Trouble at All.

Jinks—Hello, Blinks! Heard you had some trouble with your landlord.

Blinks—O, no; he only said that he'd never let me leave his house until I paid my rent. I told him that if he'd only put it down in writing I'd never leave.—Town Topics.

Words of Wisdom.

"Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—"

"My son, there is no need to go in to details. When a girl means either to encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means."—Answers.

Needed Painting.

Husband—That fence wants painting badly. I think I'll do it myself.

Wife—Yes; do it yourself if you think it wants to be done badly.—Humorous Times.

Her Best Chance.

Hojack—I don't think I ever heard anyone talk so much as Mrs. Glib did at the opera last night.

Tondick—O, that's nothing at all. You ought to hear her at a whist party.—Town Topics.

A Reason for His Pomposity.

Smith—It seems to me that that Brown is an awfully pompous man, that is, he is so stiff in his treatment of strangers.

Jones—Why, don't you know, the reason is due to his business? He is a starch maker.—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Novelty.

Parke—It must be a peculiar sensation to be hypnotized.

Clarke—I understand that you feel about the same as you do when your wife makes up her mind.—Puck.

Too True, Alas!

The sweetest music is that we never hear; the prettiest women are those we never see; the best things in the world are those we never get.

Very Seldom.

Little Boy—Mamma, what is a hermit?

Mamma—A man who goes way off and lives by himself.

"Doesn't he ever have anyone to talk to?"

"No."

"I guess womans is never hermits, is they?"—Good News.

CAUGHT WHAT SHE WAS AFTER.

"Did you have any luck fishing, dear?"

"Did I? Just look at that sparkle."—Judge.

A Rare Catch.

Friend—You said you didn't love him.

Smart Girl—I don't.

"You respect him, perhaps?"

"Not particularly."

"And yet you intend to marry him?"

"I do. He told me that his mother always got her biscuits at the baker's."—N. Y. Weekly.

Another Brute.

Wife—I'd just like to know where these contemptible jokers get their ideas of mothers-in-law.

Husband—Um—I don't know. Perhaps they used to be divorce-court reporters.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Case of Dye.

Mr. Oldbeau—My hair is certainly turning gray.

Miss Travers (amiably)—Oh, no, Mr. Oldbeau. On the contrary, since I've known you I'm quite sure it's been turning black.—Chicago Record.

Explained.

"Boston men have an air of superior intelligence about them always."

"That's a matter of living rather than real knowledge. It isn't hard for a Boston man to know beans."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Bicycle Bloomers.

She looked quite neat. Sailing down the street. But there are malicious rumors (over which she grieves) That she used her old sleeves in making her bicycle bloomers.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Fellow Feeling.

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the passionate editor to the mouse that was nosing about in the waste basket.

"If you find anything there you can use you're harder up than I am."—Chicago Tribune.

HEARD AT NARAGANSETT PIER.

"Why, Laura, what are you doing with an umbrella?"

"Well, it looked so much like rain, and you know what a dreadful cold I have."—Demorest's Magazine.

No Economy.

Friend—Riding a bicycle instead of a horse is a great saving, isn't it?

Wheelman—Well, I don't know. "A bicycle doesn't eat."

"No, but I eat enough to make up."—Good News.

Not the Right Man.

Radburn—I hear that Olcott has been discharged from the police force.

Do you know what for?

Chesney—Yes. Refusing to accept a bribe.—Brooklyn Life.

Chorus of Victims.

Mammoth drops of water. Little chunks of grease. Make the soup for which we pay Fifty cents a piece.

—Washington Star.

MINISTERS APPOINTED

To Charges for the ensuing Year by the North Ohio M. E. Conference.

LORAIN, O., Oct. 9.—The North Ohio M. E. conference adjourned yesterday. The following appointments for the ensuing year were made:

Cleveland district—John Mitchell, presiding elder; Avon, Frank Williams; Berea, G. W. Huddleston; Brockville, A. C. Whitmore; Brooklyn, R. L. Waggoner; Brunswick and Hinkley, F. W. Poole; Cleveland, Brooklyn church, P. F. Graham; Clark avenue mission, Franklin Avenue, E. S. Lewis; Gordon Avenue, Albert Van Camp; Jennings Avenue, E. A. Gould; Kingsley mission, F. E. Baker; Lorain street, A. E. Winter; Trinity, E. C. Lewis; Columbia, W. H. Babin; Dover, J. F. Lewis; Elyria, G. A. Reeder; Grafton, H. L. LaPorte; Robert Halsey; Granger and Sharon, A. C. Corlman; Huntington, Robert McCaskey; LaGrange and Belden, H. L. Stevens; Lakewood, F. W. Z. Barrett; Lorain, J. F. Smith; Medina, Andrew Pollock; New London, William Kepler; North and South Amherst, S. H. Slutz; North Royalton, D. P. Palmer; Oberlin, J. B. McCall; Olmstead Falls, Oman Lawrence; Penfield and Litchfield, H. S. Powell; Pittsfield and Kipton, R. C. Biechle and Daniel Knauer; Rocky River, S. W. Rowe; Strongsville, Edward Cadwell; Wellington, E. T. Hagerman; West Richfield, J. H. Johnson; M. F. Warner, acting president; W. F. Pierce, professor at Baldwin; Joseph Stubbs, president State University of Nevada; W. G. Ward, professor at Syracuse university; Robert Beebe, missionary in China.

Sandusky district—F. S. Hoyt, presiding elder; Bellevue, M. J. Hayes; Berlin Heights, W. S. Sargeant; Birmingham, E. H. Warner; Bloomville and Melmore, M. T. Ayres; Brighton, R. F. Mayer; Chicago, T. J. Card; Clarksville and Wakeman, J. D. Donaldson; Clyde, C. F. Johnson; Clyde circuit, C. H. Rutledge; E. T. Townsend, O. J. Coby; Green Springs, J. W. Thompson; Greenwich, G. M. Knapp; Hiram, L. S. Huffman; Lakeside, J. T. Bratwiler; Milan, James Gray; Monroeville, C. J. Russell; North Fairfield, H. P. Richards; Norwalk, Charles Gallimore; Olean, Joseph Callister; Perkins, E. H. Shumaker; Port Clinton, C. D. Patterson; Sandusky (Trinity), J. H. Ward; Tiffin (St. Paul), N. S. Albright; Vermilion, W. H. Palmer.

Wooster district—George Mather, presiding elder; Apple Creek, E. D. Barnett; Harborton and New Portage, A. F. Upp; W. S. Gorman; Blakes Mills, D. A. Kretz; Burbank, H. C. Martindale; Canal Dover, H. B. Palmer; Canal Fulton, J. H. Barrow; Dalton, R. M. Yoder; Doylestown, E. J. V. Booth; Fredericksburg, G. W. Hawk; Jeromesville, E. S. Tompkins; Lerch, Austin Philpott; Lodi and Canaan, W. Waters; Loudonville, Thomas Struggles; Mt. Hope, J. T. Hawk; Nashville, W. L. Phillips; Nova, L. D. Lea; Orange and Polk, Jonathan Zook; E. L. Warner; Orrville, F. I. Dunbar; Beresville, M. A. Castle; Seelye and Weston, S. M. Snyder; Shreve, A. C. Ruff; Smithville, C. F. English; Spencer, B. F. Bell; Wadsworth, F. G. McCauley; West Madison, M. G. Kelsch; West Salem, Andrew McCullough; Wilmet, M. T. Scarborough; Wooster, W. C. Dawson; G. W. Collier, chaplain; E. A. member of Wooster quarterly conference.

Mansfield district—Elvoro Parsons, presiding elder; Ashland, P. B. Stroup; Bucyrus, John Wilson; Bucyrus circuit, F. S. Wolf; Caledonia, T. H. D. Harold; Cardington, J. W. Brown; Crestline, S. T. Dunbar; Delaware (Grace), W. Dennis; Delaware (Glen), Edson W. R. Chase; Gallon, Orlando Badgley; Haysville, G. A. Hughes; Iberia, C. L. Lewis; Mansfield, Dewston Kemble; Mt. Gilead, W. P. Gray; Nevada, E. D. Smith; New Washington, T. L. McConnell; Ontario, Walter Torley; Poyonia, C. C. Hall; Plymouth, B. J. Hoadley; Savannah, Philip Kelsch; Shelby, H. S. Place; Shiloh, S. J. McConnell; Westfield and Ashley, A. E. Thomas; Woodbury, T. W. Grose; W. P. Whitlock and R. T. Stevenson, professors; J. H. Barker, agent; G. H. Hartup, auditor Ohio Wesleyan university, members of Grace, Delaware, quarterly conference.

Mt. Vernon district—James Tarbet, presiding elder; Avondale, M. E. Rife; Belleville and Butler, J. H. Deeds; Centerville, E. L. Heston; Chesterville, C. E. Heiman; Clark and Baltic, W. B. Manheim; Conesville, B. D. Jones; Danville, Joseph Log; Fredericksburg, Benias Hushour; Galena, M. B. Mead; Gambier, L. A. Edwards; Homer, Mary Weaver; Kenton, S. P. Harriman; Levee, J. H. Hastings; Millersburg, J. P. Mills; Mohawk Village, F. D. Stevick; Mt. Vernon, W. C. Endley; Newcomerstown, J. McBurne; New Moscow, W. B. Mohr; Roscoe, W. W. Long; Sparta, O. A. Ashburn; Tiffin and Mansfield, S. E. Idleman; West Bedford, C. M. Gay.

CHINESE ADVICES.

A Purchasing Agent Defrauds the Government and Li Hung Chang Slaps His Face.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—A dispatch to the Central News from Shanghai says a rebellion has broken out in Jehol, the seat of a celebrated imperial palace, 120 miles from Peking. A dispatch from Tien Tsin reports that Sheng, the Tactful of that city, is in disgrace. It appears that Sheng had bought from Germany 300,000 discarded rifles, for which he paid two taels each and charged the government nine taels. He also bought a large quantity of cartridges which were found to be utterly useless. Li Hung Chang discovered the fraud and summoned Sheng to him. In the interview that followed Li Hung Chang is said to have slapped Sheng